Please it your Highnes to dismisse me either with I or no?
K. Ed. I, if thou say I, to my request:
No, if thou say no, to my demaund.
La. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, she bens the brow.
Cla. Why, he is the bluntest woer in Christendome.
K. Ed. Her lookes are all repleate with Maiestie.
One way or other she is for a King:
And she shall be my loue, or else my *Queene*,
Saie, that king *Edward* tooke thee for his *Queene?*
La. Tis better said then done, my gratious Lord,
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
K. Ed. Sweet widdow, by my state I sweare,
I speake no more then what my heart intends:
And that is to enioy thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am to bad to be your *Queene:*
And yet to good to be your Concubine.
K. Ed. You cauill widdow, I did meane my *Queene.*
La. Your grace would be loth my sonnes should call you Father.
K. Ed. No more then when my daughters cal thee mother
Thou art a widdow, and thou hast some Children,
And (by Gods mother) I being but a Batcheler,
Haue other some: why tis a happie thing,
To be the father of manie Children:
Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
Cla. When he was made a shriuer twas for shift.
K. Ed. Brothers you muse what talke the widdow and I haue had, you wold thinke it strange if I should marrie her.
Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
K Ed. Why *Clarence*, to my selfe.
Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the least.
Cla. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lasts.
Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extreames.
K Ed. Well, iest on Brothers, I can tell you,

Her

Her sute is graunted

Enter a

Mes. And it pleas
And brought as prise
K Ed. Away wit
And lets go questio
Lords along, and vie

Man

Glo. I, *Edward* w
Would he were was
That from his loyne
To hinder me from
For I am not yet loo
First is there *Edward*
And his sonne, and a
Of their loynes, ere
A colde premeditat
What other pleasur
I will go clad my bo
And hull my selfe wi
And witch sweet La
Oh monstrous man
Why, loue did scorn
And for I should no
She did corrupt frai
And plast an enuiou
Where sits deformit
To dry mine arme
To make my legge
And am I then a ma
Easier for me to co
Tut, I can smile, and
I cry content to tha
I can adde colours t
And for a need, cha
And set the aspyring